

ing the underpaid, very valuable employees of Uncle Sam, the man they are making possible to live and be the only capitalist we want.

In a hasty letter I wrote recently, which was printed in *The Day Book*, I forgot an important point and I state it here.

I was showing the bunk in "prosperity" when railroads got their raise in rates. Some are now asking for a raise even in passenger rates—the dirty thieves—and may get it, too.

Now then, let me show you an optical illusion. When the I. C. hires a hundred men in Springfield and gives them track work; when the "Q" puts 100 men at work in the shops at Des Moines; when the Pennsy gives employment to 100 men in Pittsburgh; when the Erie adds 100 men to its force in Buffalo, the newspapers hear of it and the accumulation of jobs for men who have been jobless "absolutely proves" that prosperity is on the way. Men who had no work for months are being employed at good wages.

But they have been spending their savings; they are now — being part employed—beginning to pay higher money for what the consumer, the workingman, uses. Even when they are out of work they, or some one, was paying for their food and clothing and shelter, such as it was. But I don't count this at all.

In Chicago there was a meeting of the directors of a wholesale clothing house that employs 8,000 men. The secretary reported that they were suddenly confronted by an uncalculated expense of \$45,000 a year in increased freight rates by the advance given the railroads by the interstate commerce commission.

It was the consensus of opinion that 1,000 tailors should be laid off and the other 7,000 speeded up to care for the loss in labor efficiency.

You never saw that in the newspapers! That would have been the discovery of nature's great law of compensation.—Bunk.

To Aristocrat, who talks of presenting the working man with an iron cross for his labor (just think of it), tell Aristocrat not to forget the unusual symbol of merit—the double cross.—Bunk.

WHAT BOOZE DID FOR ME.—My paternal grandfather was a heavy drinker, his family consisting of four sons and one daughter. The three older sons followed in the footsteps of their father and though each was talented in his particular line, one a taxidermist, one a landscape gardener and another a mechanical engineer and successful business man, these three were all religious, but became incurable drunkards before they were 30 and died in middle age of the overuse of alcohol. My father, the youngest, though also a heavy drinker at 22, then met a young woman whose influence caused him to become a strict teetotaler for the remaining 50 years of his life, and the example of "hereditary taint of drunkenness in the family," as taught by my mother, caused the six brothers and sisters to be reared as strict teetotalers and, there being no religious belief in the family, this successful result was obtained by my mother through practical drill and the inculcation of the habit of sobriety and abstemiousness.

I think you will agree with me that it is a matter of some interest "What booze did for me" and our rationalist family, for the booze was kept entirely in the last generation and we have found that other rationalist families have secured equally gratifying results by not introducing any form of mysticism to enforce a matter of practical diet and common sense, a matter entirely separated from theory or theology.—A. Worthington, 7140 Normal av.

PERILOUS CURIOSITY

He — Once for all, I demand to know who is master in this house.

She — You'll be happier if you don't find out.—Philadelphia Ledger.